HOTEL BURGUNDY
8, rue Duphot, 8
PARIS
TÉLÉPHONE

Thursday May 21st '96.

My Dearest One,

I can only give you a line tonight as I have such a naughty headache. We reached Paris last evening and went to a Pension which did not from quite all it was pictured to us, so this morning we transferred our selves and our affections to the old stamping ground Hotel Burgundy.

We did the "Louvre" gallery this afternoon & then took a lovely drive down the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe & back by way of the Madeleine

Oh, how I wish you were here, my dear one, how we should enjoy it together

Dad and I talk English with the admiral quarter to then poor wretched Frenchmen. We find that if we make no attempt at French, they manage to understand us some how

What joy it will be to get back to the land of tea, tea, tea, and soap

I expect your letter of Sunday May 17th is already in England I shall get it by Saturday How little I thought quite a month ago tonight that

I should be in Paris
the night of your graduation

We had a fearfully rough
passage crossing the Channel
but managed not to be
sick by lying flat on
our backs. This letter
is a terrible jumble.

Give love to dear Elsie
and ok so much for my
own darling, for you
my dearest love

Your Grace

We have seen Marie twice
in London.

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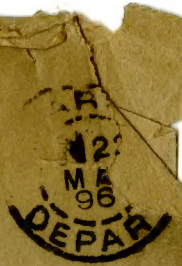

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